I was found, broken
and you mended me
anew
so like a lost puppy
I followed the only light I knew
uttered right there and then
was a pledge, unspoken

I learned
there were things to be found;
refuge in the confines of your arms,
divinity upon one's very crown,
and purpose deep within your eyes
I kneel in worship
in the light of your grace,
into your hands
I've surrendered my faith

You will not need force
as under your fingers, I shall obey;
like that of clay
which willingly molds
to your necessity at one touch

Perhaps despite this
I'm still a broken, broken man
Yet I love you
with all of my pieces
and I'd be willing
to give it all away too